

DAILY DEMOCRAT

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SATURDAY, - - - APRIL 19, 1856.
[From the MSS. of a late Physician.]
The Angel Bride

The swag-bush of nature, unbroken by single sound of busy life, harmonized but too peacefully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the scene. The garden was a garden no more; it was on the ground floor of a pretty residence the outskirts of the village of Eden. Its open borders overlooked the garden of Eden, the beautiful, unspoiled, unpeopled ground Eden, which extended with a scarce perceptible destination to the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a dense growth of trees and thickets of low shrubbery, over which the eye caught the fleeting waters as they swooped on, glowing in crimson radiance of the sun-set.

And the garden, which lay brightly along the carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—eye, of death.

"How is your dear mother?" the voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. "Welcome! the dear sufferer now is in a quiet slumber, but must presently awake, and then I shall be glad to hear of you."

"How is your sweet Lucy, now?"

"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable for some time."

It is stated that the above information was obtained from the files of the FBI, and that the same information was also obtained from the files of the State Department.

of Zion. Oh!" she added, while the sunlight joy irradiated her features, pale with long vig-

"Yes, my dear friend," I replied, "your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high; but I am not so sure that you have not been deceived even after a long and faithful warning; and recollection of the end and struggle, the terrible cup vanquished, the hero triumphant, the earth haunts my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them."

"I am not so sure," she said last to her account? Oh! how fearful! and the girlhood covered her face and wept.

Some time elapsed. I fingered at the corner of the letter, and taking from it, I stood a small though elegant copy of the Bible opened the silver clasp, and my eye caught a—

"a—parting gift of Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the Word, but thought was

I suggest that Lucy May from her infancy, who was scarcely less dear to me than my only daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twins together, and I had never known a day of the day. Seventeen summers they both had no brother, though Lucy was some months older than her sister; but neither sister had either of them, and he had been the only child of his mother, and she of her father's. They called each other "sister," and their intercourses honored the endearing name.

My dear friend, I have never known a woman my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a noble young man, with a heart and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him I have been betrothed for more than a year, and he has been my affianced husband, and I have trusted, when each sun rose, that his setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious and

He especially liked the sparkling good wine that was served at that event. "I have never been spoken on the subject to the widow mother of the lovely Lucy. However, she said she was not at all surprised to find in her hand, she said, in an assured tone of cheerfulness, 'I trust Clarence will come home this evening.' It is now—"

"—and," said the sweet sister, opening her eyes and looking eagerly around. Her hearted on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver in her voice, she said, "it is not come home yet, darling, but it will not be more than an hour to the close of day then."

"—and," grant he may come," said the maiden, sheathed with energy, "if it be His holy will. Oh, doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy, wearing away fast, is she not?" and then others said, "but I am better to-day, am I not? Where Ellen—why does she not come?"

"I'll send for your daughter, doctor!" asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the corner of the sofa, came.

"Ellen, my sweet sister," said Lucy "your father has told me that I must leave—" and her voice broke off. She looked at me with a gaze that did not stir the name of her lover, for at present the roles of one of the domesticas was tacitly hers saying:

"My dear Lucy, Clarence is come. Now bless my dear young lady."

Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping me around the neck, murmured, "Father is here!" and then she burst into a flood of tears of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant

Charles Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant college, and the letter which announced Mr. G. — had severely intimidated danger the intimacy of his heretofore. It had been dangerous to him, and had half the time of the young man had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had averted its affections. He had been a noble-hearted, high-spirited man; he was the disciple of Jesus Christ; and he was getting himself to be an apostle of his fellow-men. He had been a student of the law, and he was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

"Glarence, dear Glarence, have the woeless
of fond fears."

"Why? Why is your face deadly pale?"
Oh, yes, she is not dangerously ill! Tell me!"
a thought of misery entered his heart, "she is"

[illegible]

He entered the chamber just as the lady was about to rise. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed. She straightened faintly into his arms and fell for a moment on the white neck of L. rendering its hue still more snowy.

"My dear," said his earnest eyes met his betrothed—her whom he had left in the blush of perfection, of youthful loveliness—she was now a woman, a woman with a wild not of anguish, with her thin fingers, and kissed her cheeks, lips, knee the while at the side of her couch.

"My dear," said he, "I have loved the dear with an effort to rise, which she did support his arm. His spoke not—he could not, dared press.

"My dear, cheer up, my beloved." But her attitude failed, and all she could do was to bury face in her lover's bosom and weep. He did attempt to comfort her, but she was too much overcome to enjoy for a while her luxury of unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke into laughter.
"Lucy, my own dear Lucy! God forgive me
my own selfish grief; and he added fervently
lifting up his tearful eyes to heaven, "For
give us grace to bear
turning to me, added, "Doctor, oh, pray the

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